

Slavery can bring no such song as that which follows. From the pen of our eloquent New Hampshire poet—and neither can the craven slaves of the slaveholder here in New Hampshire—will yet come more such Liberty songs. And here is one which is worthy of being sung by all free sons of the Granite State.

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

BY WM. H. GOVE.

Thank God that the old Granite State, once more erect and free,
Stands at the head of Slavery's bond to lead the patriot
knew,
And gaily the gambler in her crimson pathway
leads.

O Brothers, coming ages shall your victory record,
Not in old armorial banners, on helmet or on sword,
But on holier, purer tablets, whose features ne'er de-
cline.

In golden letters ever on your children's children's
brow,
And Brothers, stand together, and let your battle
hymn
Praise God and God's grace, as the coming conflict's
dies.

From the rocky hills of far Coos down to your sun-
bathed
Tribes, watch your Slavery, 'till your watchword
be—
You cannot failer, where your vims kneel down upon
the sand.

And registered their strong appeal from tyrannous
and
The grates that keep their ashes are round every
side,
And their eyes look down upon your sorrow and
pride.

Your spirit is not yet over. Will ye rally for the
Right,
In the fierce force death-grapple with the dark-
ness and the light?
Shall the true fathers pledged to broader yield his
rod.

With the bloody axe of Slavery be girdled at the root.
No! Dwellers in the villages that skirt the Merri-
mac,
To your brethren of the bowlers send your cry of
war,
On the base of Keegan's, near old Monmouth's
brow.

From the cold, grey top of Sennepe, to white Mount
Washington,
Send your wild warhorns of triumph for the victory ye
seek,
With your banner cry of Freedom, till the loud rocks
and
As the smitten ocean shivers at the winter tempest's
blow.

Ye elst, what's children's destiny; the struggle of To-day,
If from the pirate spirit ye were his smugled prey,
Shall become a glorious banner, a monument, a shrine,
For a time the stormy darkness of the present's gloom.

For the great deeds of the French, arena after arena
whereon
The future lays its incense before her savior be wooed,
Through the martyr fires of Ages, where truth has ever
trod.

A VOICE FOR THE POOR.

In imitation of the style of Hood's Bridge of Sighs.

Blow the fire cheerily,
Blow the smoke merrily,
Crackle and glow;
Hear how the white widows,
Hear how the dim old men,
Blowing the silent ash,
Tossing the snow.

Here is the cheer, warm,
What should we see the storm?
We have a fire,
See the flames dancing,
Smoking and crackling,
Merrily dancing,
Higher and higher!

Still, it is bitter cold!
On this dreary night,
Freezing and aching,
Shivering and cold crying,
What a sad sight!
What a sad sight!

See how they gather,
Closer together,
Remembring the weather,
'Tis a sad sight,
How their teeth chatter
With a dull chatter,
Just like the patter
Of merciless rain.

Ah! how very numb
With cold and suffering and cold!
Yet the blue fires are dumb,
'Tis no good,
Lying and growling,
Breath all too brief
Ere it is blown!

What a sad sight!
What a sad sight!
What a sad sight!
What a sad sight!
What a sad sight!
What a sad sight!

Ab, that it would be an
old, old and old and old,
Would it might be his wife;
He only can,
Dying by inches,
How the cold pinches
Every nerve through
The stern man.

Harsh—! But must they die!
In these our cold days,
None but the God on high,
In his love,
Does he not tell us
We should be nobler,
We even angels,
Joy to show!

Now we sit by fire,
Shedding these tears and die,
Yet for our needs, it is
Fooling with
From our starting,
And leaving
Horribly going
From the still bed!

Not—!—!—!—!—!—!
Will, will, will,
Fighting, fighting,
Countless like this!
The mother, mother,
The mother, mother,
Deserving white alone
Fighting like this!

Let us not only die,
But let us die, die, die,
Strive with rain and sun,
Strive with rain and sun,
Strive with rain and sun,
Strive with rain and sun,

To those who ever
Will have our miseries
To those who ever
Will have our miseries
To those who ever
Will have our miseries

Remember that
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POPULAR EDUCATION—No. 2.

Mr. Forster. The following are more prominent defects in our system of Popular Education, as they were brought under review in the Augusta Convention, or subsequent in the Convention of the State.

1st. Serious evils in our system of common school arose from the multiplying of school districts. Parents, with their school children, were scattered over the State, and the school districts were often divided. The town money drawn by one of the school districts in the State, was divided among many districts, by another two dollars and fifty cents. There was doubtless in each of these cases, a great saving of time and expense, and the child was in a better position to learn.

2d. Another defect in our system of common school, was the want of a uniform system of books. The school districts were often divided, and the school districts were often divided. The school districts were often divided, and the school districts were often divided.

3d. The want of suitable qualifications in teachers. A great source of evil, ignorance or inefficient teachers are employed, or even immoral men. Cheapness is often the best recommendation a candidate can offer.

4th. The want of proper care in the selection of teachers. In our schools, it is a serious evil, whether it arises from the multiplication of school books, or from a want of system in the selection of teachers. Something like a course of study with the proper text books should be marked out, and recommended by competent committees.

5th. The want of a uniform system of books. The school districts were often divided, and the school districts were often divided. The school districts were often divided, and the school districts were often divided.

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ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

March 5th, 1846.

POPULAR EDUCATION—No. 3.

The duties of School Committees, as provided by law, are, to examine candidates for teaching and to visit the schools, and superintend the instruction and discipline pursued therein. They are also to select and employ teachers. A plan which will secure the best results, is to have the School Committee visit the schools, and superintend the instruction and discipline pursued therein. They are also to select and employ teachers.

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HYMN FOR FAST DAY.

Our fathers had appointed days,
In years of past and gone,
For fasting and for solemn prayer,
To meet their God.

That He his favor would bestow,
And then direct our steps,
And crown their efforts and their hopes
With triumph and success.

To meet for us, their humble sons,
In dust to bow the knee,
Ourselves, in prayer, to mourn,
And for forgiveness pray.

Our much tilled wrong, or any crimes
Our nation's banners wear,
And 'neath their shade in grief require
The wretched, tolling slave.

'Tis not the lengthened, sorrowing face
That moves the Lord most high;
'Tis vain to plead for pardoning grace
While dead to sorrow's sigh.

Ye who would worship God alone,
And humbly seek his face;
Who would approach his holy throne,
And find forgiving grace.

Hear what the voice from Heaven proclaims;
This, this, this, this, this;
Break every yoke, strike off the chain,
Let the oppressed go free.

Then on the side of the oppressed,
Let us united stand;
Nor let the oppressor's conscience rest
'Till this, be freedom's land.

Great God, in mercy hear our prayer,
In mercy, hear our cry;
In mercy, Lord, thy spirit send,
And thine oppression drive.

N. F. W.

Miscellany.

"THE FIELD OF BLOOD."

A Washington correspondent of Zion's Advocate writes thus:

"I traveled from Baltimore to Washington, I passed through a country which is a little ground—and notorious as the theater of a bloody duel. The scene is a little ground—and notorious as the theater of a bloody duel. The scene is a little ground—and notorious as the theater of a bloody duel."

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DISSEMINATION.

Not the jaws of Charlevoix, nor the hoarse rattle of
the sea,
Nor all the fell changes that lurk in the deep,
Nor all the earthquakes, deep down, nor the volcano's
fury.

Not the pestilence's breath, nor the hurricane's sweep;
Nor all the dread monsters that live through creation—
Have caused such destruction, such misery and woe,
As from this land, and this land, and this land,
The civilized world incessantly flows.

'Tis a wretched, wretched, wretched, wretched,
The victim is whirled till his senses are gone,
Till his last and only, and his last, and his last,
Nor pestilence's breath, nor the hurricane's sweep;
Nor all the dread monsters that live through creation—
Have caused such destruction, such misery and woe,
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PROCLAMATION.

FOR A DAY OF

Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

The annual union which we are just celebrating is a solemn season of our dependence upon God; it is a season when we are reminded of our sins, and of the need of his forgiveness. It is a season when we are reminded of our sins, and of the need of his forgiveness. It is a season when we are reminded of our sins, and of the need of his forgiveness.

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HEALTH RESTORATIVE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

FOR A DAY OF

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THE LIBERTY STANDARD.